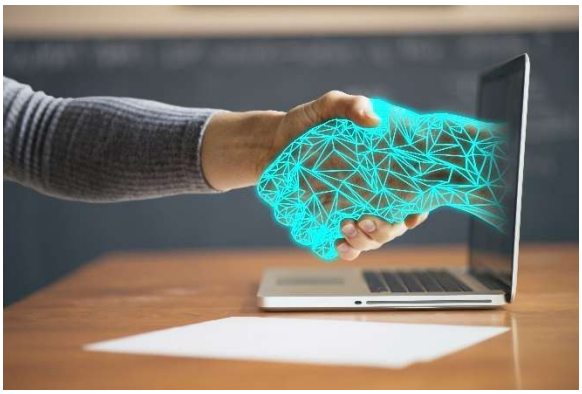
The Robot Awaken

By Dr Tayo Ayodele



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A Futuristic Science Fiction

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DEDICATION

To the memory of my Uncle, Engineer Dipo Akintonde, a voracious reader of novels, He read everywhere and at every opportunity. He read even in the Toilet!
For Dr. and Dr. Mrs. Jason Lohr and families.
For Queen Elisabeth 11, the longest ruler in British History.
To the European people, to the scientist, engineers and researchers who works hard to make our world easier to live.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

This is to say thank you to all my teachers in the past and in the present.

DISCLAIMER

This work is a pure scientific fiction; any supposed reference to any group of people, businesses, organizations, and countries is for illustration only and to give the work a vivid sense of reality and authenticity. Some of the ideas and habits in this work are not encouraged as it may contradict established religious teaching. The reader is therefore caution to regard this as a pure fiction and not as an article of faith.

PROLOGUE

Circa 1660

The outskirts beyond the cottage was beautiful, miles and miles of cornfields stretch from the verandah and outward almost endlessly.
The tobacco plantation could also be seen in the western side, it also stretch beyond the reach of the gazing eyes.
Mr. Patrick Pearson with his cigarette pouch, love just to sit on his convenient, tropical chair outside and to view and monitor the darkies as they all bend down and work.
Occasionally, he would notice one of the nigger far away with his binocular standing up to rest a while, and instantly he would blow his sonorous whistle, a stern warning to the chap that such luxury is not allowed, otherwise he would soon be send for a series of lashes on his back.